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OUR BANNER CONTRIBUTION

THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund will be swollen by the magnificent amount of about \$1,000 as the result of a brilliant fair held at the Long Beach Hotel last evening. The fair was conceived by Mr. DEVINE, manager of the hotel above named, and he may well feel proud of the glorious success that crowned his philanthropic impulse.

No sooner was the suggestion made that such an entertainment be given than the idea was enthusiastically approved by the puests that throng that popular resort, and in two days the preliminaries were arranged and culminated in an event by which all the participants were made doubly happy from the combination of pleasure and philanthropy. Hundreds of warm-hearted people improved the opportunity thus afforded to contribute generously to the Sick Babies' Fund.

What a world of good that fair will do ! What a vast amount of suffering among the poor babies will be ameliorated thereby! The-consciousness of having aided so deserving a charity will add zest to the pleasures of the Long Beach habitues.

THE EVENING WORLD returns thanks cordial and without measure to all who promoted the enterprise.

And the generous-hearted people at other seaside resorts will emulate the example of Long Beach.

BULLIVAN'S ARREST.

At last there is an end to what has hitherto been deemed a farcical chase after John L. SELLIVAN by the Mississippi authorities. The champion slugger has been arrested by order of Gov. HILL, and awaits trial on extradition proceedings. It is gratifying to know that the question of the extraditable nature of Sullivan's offense is to be judicially settled.

If it shall be decided that prize-fighting is a crime coming within the pale of extradition, and Sullivan is handed over to the tenies of the Mississippi law, it will have a depressing effect upon pugilists. To supplement the rigors of training and the punishment in the ring with the necessity of hiding afterwards, with no safe refuge in the country from the minions of irate Governors, will make pugilism a very inconvenient sport.

THE BALLET TRUST.

Well, well! this Trust business is really running wild. From time to time we have had rumored the skewer trust, the orange trust, the sweet-potato trust, the peanut trust, along with those other and mightier combinations, the sugar and salt trusts, but the latest overtops them all. It is the balletgirl's trust. What are we coming to?

And the worst of it is that these sylphs of the stage are to be "trusted" by a syndicate of Englishmen. Look here, John Bull, you're carrying this thing too far ! Not content with gobbling our breweries, steel works, flour mills and other industries too numerous to mention, you want to corral the girls, too, do you? That will never do, Shall American girls bare arms for English. men? Never! We draw the line in this scheme offtrusts at the girls.

WAIT TILL '92.

Returning visitors to the Paris Exposition deplore the meagre exhibit of America's industries therein. Several reasons are assigned for our country's poor showing, among them the niggardliness of Congress and the monopolizing of the room by the French. But, although we are not making mu h of a stir at the world in our inventions, grains and progremave spirit.

In 1892 America will have her inning at the fair business. Then visiters from all the knowner and offers her a prize of \$100. countries on earth will carry home with them wonderful stories of the intelligence, thrift, progress and greatness of our people in all the fields of human endeavor. All these things will be made manifest at the with another social sensation. It now offers a Workl's Fair, which will be held right here in New York.

A Chauce for Hoboken Mothers.

The enterprising Evening Would offers three cash prizes to the proud mother of the largest number of living children, the contest being limited to New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and this city. The mother having the largest number of living children will get \$100. The one with the second largest number will get \$50, and end in gold will be for the third largest num-We believe that there are some proud mothers in this vicinity who can boast of from sight to thirteen living children, and some of em may capture one of the prizes.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Sherman's favorite game is backsammon, at which he is an expert.

The best baseball player in Congress is Repre sentative Ben Butterworth, of Ohio. He fre quently plays in amateur games at his home. One of the richest men in Boston is Nathaniel Thayer, whose estate amounts to \$15,000,000,

He is a young man of fine ability and the best of

Prof. E. P. Crowell, of Amberst College, Dean of the Faculty and Professor of Latin, is totally blind. He is almost fifty years old and lost his sight five years ago through illness. His knowledge of Latin is so accurate that he has been able to hold recitations as if he had the open book before him.

DIARY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

At sixteen years palpitations are manifested towards the young ladies, At seventeen, much binshing and confusion when addressed by pretty women.

At eighteen, confidence in conversation with the ladies much increased. At nineteen, becomes angry if treated by

them as a boy. At twenty, betrays much consciousness of his

own charms and manliness. At twenty-one, a looking-glass becomes at indispensable piece of furniture in his dressing-

At twenty-two, insufferable puppyism nowex-At twenty-three, thinks no woman good nough to enter the marriage state with him.

At twenty-four, is caught unawares by Cupid, At twenty-five, the engagement broken off from self-conceit on his part.
At twenty-six, conducts himself with airs of

much superiority towards her. At twenty-seven, pays his addresses to anothe lady, not without hopes of mortifying the first At twenty-eight, is mortified and frantic of

being refused. At twenty-nine, rails against the fair sex i general as heartless beings.

'At thirty, seems morose and out of humor i all conversations on matrimony. At thirty-one, contemplates matrimony mo under the influence of interest than previously At thirty-two, begins to think personal beaut

in a wife not so indispensable as formerly. At thirty-three, still retains a high opinion his attractions as a bushand At thirty-four, consequently, has the hop

that he may marry a "chippie. At thirty-five, falls deeply and violently in love with one of sixteen. At thirty-six, despair! Another refusal.

At thirty-seven, indulges now in every kind of Limstration. At thirty-eight, shuns the best part of the

female sex, and finds consolation in bad com-At thirty-nine, suffers much remorse and mor-

tification in so doing,
At forty, begins to think he is growing old, yet still feels a fresh budding of matrimonial deas, but no "chippies." At forty-one, a nice, buxom young widow begins to perplex him.

At forty-two, ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest. At forty-three, interest prevails which causes much cautious reflection. At forty-four, the widow jilts him, being fully

as cautious as himself. At forty-five, becomes every day more gloomy and averse to the fair sex.

At forty-six, gouty and nervous symptoms

At forty-seven, fears what may become of him when he gets old and infirm, but still persuades

himself he is a young man.
At forty-eight, thinks living alone irksome. At forty-nine, resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion. At fifty, a nervous affection about him and

frequent attacks of the gout. At fifty-one, much pleased with his new housekeeper as a nurse. At fifty-two, begins to feel some attachment

At fifty-three, his pride revolts at the idea of At fifty-four, is in great distress how to act. At fifty-five, completely under her influence

and very miserable. At fifty-six, many painful thoughts parting with her and attempts to gain her on his own terms. At fifty-eight, gouty, nervous and bilious to

excess. At tifty-nine, feels very ill. Sends for her to his bedside and promises to marry. Atsixty, grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor and dies in her arms.

WHYOS AT SOUTH BEACH.

Experience of a Man Who Was Robbed of Ris Watch.

to the Editor of The Evening World I should think it was about time that the police should stop that terrible gang of bing people by the dozens. I myself was robbed of a handsome silver watch while coming from the beach. Of course, like a good many more people I did not make a complaint to the police, but kept it quiet. Strange as it may seem, I tend bar for a certain saloon downtown, and I see these "crooks" every day, and that is the reason that I know that they belong to the "Whyo" gang. Of course I knew the party who took my watch, and the next time I met him I told him that I wanted my watch. At first he pretended that he knew nothing about it, but at last he gave me the pawn ticket. These crooks take a Staten Island ferryboat and ride to St. George, and wait for the crowd returning to the city or elsewhere.

Thinking that The Evenno Would is the first one to do anything and everything in this city, I thought I would write you and thereby warn other people that have not fallen victims to these picknockets.

George Ernson, reason that I know that they belong to the

Man Cannot Asptre rum the Altouna Independent ! The New York Evening World has offered many prizes for competition of brains and ingenuity, and nearly every one has been won by a man. Now it offers a series of prizes to which its manly readers cannot aspire. It has been wisely said that the mother guides the home ship and holds the future destinies of the nation Paris, we are going right abead outstripping in her hand. This is a Republic and the majority rules. That mother who has reared the greatest number of children, therefore, has had the greatest share in moulding the destiny of our country. THE EVENING WORLD WANTS to

Another Social Sensation.

[From the Anniston Hat Higgs:]
The New York EVENING WORLD, which started the discussion "Is Marriage a Failure?" is out \$100 prize to the mother who has the greatest number of living children, \$50 for the second proudest mother and a double cagle as a conso ation prize to the third. Matrons are invited to send in their lists at once.

The Wallach Case.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Being a constant reader of THE EVENING WORLD. I would like to say in regard to Jos. M. Wallach's case that he no doubt was hastened to his death through the trouble with Mr. Hopp. I myself am subject to heart trouble, and no doubt if I got the beating Mr. Wallach did I would also die, which would hardly be a death from natural causes.

CONSTANT READER.

MONELL's TEXTHING CORDIAL soothes the irritation of the gums. Try it. Price 25 cents.

THE FUND'S BIG LIFT.

(Continued from first page,)

bid for the thing if it was no more value to them than the fifth wheel of the coach.

At the end of the proceedings kind-hearted Landlord Devine was presented by Mr. Thomas Terry with an elegant oxidized silver toilet set. No ornament of any booth that graced the evening's charity was more fittingly bestowed.

bestowed.

Among those present were Recorder Smyth, Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., who was in a charming toilet of shrimp creps de chine; Mr. Van Reusselaer Kennedy, who came up from Point Lookout for the occasion; Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Mms. de Silva, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Aver, who contributed access a december of her toilet articles to the several dozens of her toilet articles to the bazaar, and the Duke and Duchess Castenuc-cis, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Garth, I. H. Terry, Frederick de Barry, William Taylor and

many others.

Alr. J. D. Foote won a basket of quart champagne presented to the fair by Mr. Wm.

champague presented to the fair by Mr. Wm. Taylor.

Mr. Robert Murray won the fine collie dog contributed by Mr. Thomas H. Terry and valued at \$100. Mrs. Hendricks won a toilet set of oridized silver.

Mrs. Hollinshead, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Terry were indefatigable in their efforts for the success of the entertainment, and certainly everybody interested could not but have been delighted with the results of this charitable endeavor of the ladies and gentlemen at the Long Beach Hotel.

Through their generous efforts nearly \$1.000 will accrue to Tag. Evening World's Sick Baby Fund. Good luck to the kindly hearted ladies and gentlemen who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the thrown themselves heart and soul into the good work which THE EVENING WORLD has inaugurated.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

er		
t.	THE EVENING WORLD	3,275,99
	F.W. M	5.0
in	R. R. B. Marie L. Eddy	2.00
in	J. K. P. Jr. L. M. S.	1.00
re	H. A. Eagleson. Redyns	.25
y.	Sympathy J. J. D. M. A	1.00
ty	Joyce Six Connectict Girls	1,00
of	Kash Dickie and Bessie Murphy	5,00
pe:	Eugene Schmitt King's Daughter	12.00
	A. M. Shiff	1,25

An Echo from Greenpoint.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having been reading your paper for the sst year or so I find it to be a dandy for raising benefits, &c. . but the last is the best yet, that is the Sick Baby Fund. Ever since you commenced this I have taken great interest in it, and I have not seen a single contribution from Greenpoint, I am shamed of it and I send you 25 cents. I am only fifteen years old and I ain't a millionaire either. J. J. D. M. A., Greenpoint.

Will Fill Prescriptions Free. the Editor of The Evening World:

I volunteer to fill any prescriptions written on The Evening World's blanks, free of C. MOTSCHENBACHER, charge. 629 Eleventh avenue.

For a Special Purpose. To the Editor of The Eve Inclosed you will find \$2. Please use it for some poor little sick girl, ten years old.

MARIE L. EDDY, 254 East Thirty-third street.

Twelve Dollars from Young Eugene to the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find my third collection for your Sick Babies' Fund. I am only nine years old, but I found no trouble in collecting this amount for the poor babies. I shall try and collect more, and as I receive it will EUGENE SCHMITT. send it to you. 733 East One Hundred and Forty-first street.

733 East One Hundred and Forty-first street.
Papa, \$1; Mamma, 50c.; Grandma, 25;
Grossmamma, 25; Aunties, 25; Aunt Leonora,
25c.; Aunt Annie, 25; Cousin Ned, 25; Cousin
Fred, 30; Cousin Gus, 25; Cousin Elsie,
25; Cousin Fred (2), 25; Cousin Bertram, 20; Uncle Jack, 25: Harold Ord,
15; Howard Ord, 10; Baby Eddie,
25; Bert, 50; Robbie and Lizzy, 25;
Baby Lizzie, 10; Rettie, 25; Baby George, 10;
Uncle Jack (2), 25; Aunt Gertie, 25; Mrs.
Wright, 25; Cole, 10; Uncle Fred, 50; J. W.
Flynn, 25; Mr. McElroy, 25; Uncle John (3),
25; J. and M. Mooney, \$1, 50; Leo Mooney, 25;
Edith Mooney, 25; J. Erdenbrecher, 25; Mrs.
Mulligan, 30; a very poor weman, 15; a very
rich woman, \$1.

They Got Up a Fair. To the Editor of The Evening World

We six little girls-three belonging in the village and three visitors had such good times that we wanted some one else to enjoy it, too. So we planned a fair, all ourselves, Whyos" from going to South Beach and rob- and sitting on the apple boughs, or on the grass, and rainy days in the barn, we made some things to sell, all ourselves, and one pleasant afternoon we had a fair on the lawn, all ourselves. Our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, and mammas and grandmas, too, came to buy, and we send you what we made, \$3, hoping it will help to make some baby as happy as we are.

BESSIE BACON. SADIE BACON. LEONA BACON. KITTIE ELLIOTT, RUTH DIBBELL, AMY HULL,

Clinton, Conn.

THROUGH FIVE POINTS.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Leppa Among the Sick of That District.

Dr. Leppa waits for me in Five Points. At the start we are both wet as the historical drowned rat. The colors in my dress run like the gutters in Centre street, and the drippings from his own and neighboring umbrellas wilt the doctor's collar, blister his shirt bosom and play at brook and rivulet along his coat sleeve.

Mrs. S., in 37 Park street, receives our first visit. In the doorway is a crowd of young men and boys, and we are so disreputable in appearance that our presence is disregarded and the doctor has to use an imperative stand aside" before we are admitted.

On the floor tangent to the table, the kitchen stove, the door and the side wall was a straw bed, and on it was a woman, a child of three years, another four years old and an infant of twelve months. "Oh, I can't get up, doctor. I have had

want of sleep. The child has been crying like this for two weeks. I don't know what ails him, and I had no money to pay a doctor, and so I sent word to THE EVENING WORLD. I have four children, the oldest six. My husband is a good, sober man, but there is no work for him, and I'm afraid the baby is of the living. And yet, I am sure, the sentibrain ?"

"Considerable the matter," the doctor tells shroud, but the sleep will be as endless and her, timing the little pulse till he counts 125. dreamless in the bit of sheet. The fever-heat can be felt through the rum. For the two or three despondent mothers

pled clothes, the little lips are parched and in the kitchen of death we hunt up a bit of cracked, the lids droop heavily on the restless blue eyes, and the face and hands are

The doctor writes out two prescriptions. I give her 75 cents for milk, bread and barley, and we leave the abode, the doctor giving her directions to send for him in case of alarm.

Remembering that the little room is living and sleeping apartment, that the bread box on the fire escape is empty, that no money has been in the family purse for months, that the roar and rumble of machinery from adjoining shops deafen the senses, and that misery and poverty are the sole inheritance of the children, you have, dear reader, the outline of, the picture I have tried to repre-

There are other babies in the building, score perhaps, but they are only hungry or unhappy, and the doctor shakes his head sadly enough, for he has no prescription that will remedy or even alleviate.

We hurry along Mott street through the slanting rain, not to escape the fury of Jupiter Pluvius, as we cannot possibly get wetter without drowning, but to see a sick child thought to be on the brink of eternity. He is a boy of seven months, and because he has nothing to live for he will not die. His home is very near the roof, his father is unknown, somehow food and clothing are provided by the young mother, who has prayed hourly for his death Next door, in 220 Mott street, we ascend to

the fitth story. "Here we are," says the doctor, rapping on a rear door, and I am paralyzed with the view that ovens to my gaze. There is not a blessed thing in the room but a trunk, a tub

a woman and five children. Think of it! and then guess, if you can

how the poor live. I cannot believe my eyes. I rub them. shake out my wet clothes, spaniel fashion, and pinch my face, but it is all as I first saw an empty room, a thin, pale, haggard-faced woman sitting on the trunk, four children hanging out of the window, catching rain drops, and a seven-month babe sleeping on the floor with a cotton rag for a bed.

An open fireplace in which scraps of brown paper have escaped the flame; a tin pot, two or three carthenware cups, and in the midst of this incredible destitution, six human beings.

Where is your furniture ? " Look "Sold, I got \$2 for it when I left Savan nah. We came here July 4 with nothing but our fare and we have had nothing since Somehow my husband paid a month's rent, but he can get no work; the children are sick, and God only knows what will become

of us. What do we eat? The housekeeper ha sent us up hot tea and soup, and every day the baker has given me a loaf, although he knows we can't pay him what we owe in a year's time. We have no bed, no clothes but what you see-simply nothing but our misfortune."

"Do you care if I put your name in the paper? Some kind-hearted reader might come and help you."

My name is Daly, but I have gone so long without help that I have lost hope." She laughs when Dr. Leppa hands her excursion tickets to take the three young children to the boat where they will have food, fresh air and medical care.

"As well tell me to take wings, doctor. It is impossible. I should be arrested by the first policeman who met me on the street in this plight. You forget that I am barefoot, that these five children are half dressed-but don't let's talk about it. If it keeps on raining like this we will all have the rheumatism. I don't mind the boards now very much, but the damp is rust.

ing my joints." We give her \$1.10 for food and milk ; the ick baby is made as comfortable as possible by the kind-hearted doctor, and we come away a deal sicker at heart than either cares to admit, and I promise to send clothes, flannel and shoes for the little children; but I am bothered, for there is not so much as a bib, not even a draw-string, in Dr. Foster's

" And yet something must be done," Dr. Leppa says; "for I can't lose my little patients." We inquire about the family. The neigh-

bors, the housekeeper and baker speak of them as deserving of assistance and in every way worthy of interest. I follow the doctor from room to room. wenty in all, and he looks at-guess how

many children? One hundred and fifty! Pale, poor, thin, miserable. At the corner drug store we take a drink-

tincture of valerian and bromide of ammonis for the nerves, and thus stimulated turn into Elizabeth street and enter No. 199.

The case is on the fourth floor, and the patient is better. Better than it was possible for him to have been on earth. He must have been a lovely baby although sick three weeks, for his little form is as white as marble and the delicate mouth is almost merry.

The body lies on a small stand draped in a sheet, four women are helping the mother to wash it and seventeen children by actual count watch the operation,

"No, doctor, I didn't take him on the water. I couldn't. I had nothing to wear and no car fare to get to the boat." When did he die ?!

Glancing at the clock in the tobacco box which, has been stopped at 9, she said, "an hour ago. He went off peacefully thank God."

Items are noted for the death certificate and one of the women begs him to look at her children's eyes. There are three, all afflicted with granulated lids, the youngest almost blind. They have been at the dispensary for a year, but an operation is needed. to perform which it is necessary to send the child to the infirmary for a month or so. 'The board will cost \$3 a week," she says and I could not afford to pay 30 cents.

The children who run about the dead child give the doctor work for half an hour. Three are colicky tabes in arms, toddlers with sore no rest for a week, and I am almost blind for faces, runabouts pitted with hives and mosquito bites.

We give the mother of the dead infant note to Dr. Foster for a dress in which to shroud the tiny corpse, but I learn later of her great disappointment, for all the bundles have been distributed to cover the nakedness dying. Is there anything the matter with his ment cancelled, that the disposition is better as it is. The marble child should have

continue her entertainment, and an odd dol lar goes into her hand. In the adjoining flat a blue-eyed girlmother is humming a lullaby to a child tucked in a peach-box. She has two callers,

money with which to buy bread and milk and

pay for filling the prescription. One woman

with a sick boy has no home. She is staying

with a friend, too poor to be polite or longer

gentlemen of three and four and a half years. who hang out the window, their little legs just visible from beneath the merino shirts borrowed from the wardrobe of an adult Their arms are lost in long sleeves, with which they lash at rain drops and vagran flies sheltered along the iron ribs of the fire escape.

twelve and two months, respectively, beg for clothes and milk. She knows the children have dysentery and that it is to be dreaded, but with milk and some dresses and your kind help, dear doctor, I can keep them alive. We continue through the house and

A mother with five children, the youngest

through the block, giving pennies here and there to cheat starvation and medicine to assist famished nature. The last call is made on "Tony," who lives in the rear of 172 Mulberry street. He is almost better, brown as a berry, black as an Italian child can be, nurtured as he is in the street. We find him and his five-year-old brother revelling in the gutter with a bevy of

takes little else, for his brown body is like a lath. Up in the garret we find the poor mother looking like a spectre in the yellowish white

infantile scavengers. He takes the medicine,

the brother tells us, and from all appearances

nightgown and head wrappings. She talks Italian to the doctor and tells him how good THE EVENING WORLD IS. "See," drawing a bottle of claret from under her pillow and holding it in her bony hands, She gave me money, and here is meat too. but the cough seizes her and she falls back exhausted, unable to draw out the can of potted meat.

I find since going about with Dr. Lepps that only the aristocracy of the poverty of New York has been touched in the articles He tells me I have seen nothing of real destitution but Mrs. Dalv's. Then if there are lower grades than the cases here mentioned. God help them. NELL NELSON.

SEVEN NEW DOCTORS.

Director Foster Appointed Them to the

Free Corps Yesterday. Dr. M. L. Foster, Chief of THE EVENING World Free Doctor Corps, yesterday appointed seven additional physicians and will appoint one more to-day. These appointments will make the roster of the corps an even twenty. Five of these physicians are assigned to Brooklyn, their districts having

already been allotted to them. All of the new appointees are physicians of excellent standing. Herewith are given brief sketches of their professional training and

experience: DR. HENRY S. STARK. First on the additional list is Henry S First on the additional list is Henry S, Stark, M. D., 270 East Seventh street. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, in 1883, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, in 1886. He served two years on the staff at Mount Sinai Hospital: is district physician to the New York Lying-In Asylum and to Mount Sinai Hospital: member of County Medical Society, Medico Legal Society, German Medical Society and German Practitioners' Society.

Society. DR. JOHN J. SMITH. Next on the list is Dr. John J. Smith, 317 West Twenty-sixth street. He graduated at the college of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, in 1888. He has been assistant at Outdoor. Poor. Department. Outdoor Poor Department of Bellevue Hospital and engaged in general practice since graduation.

DR. W. S. BALKEN. Another of the corps is Wm. S. Balken, M. D., 151 East Eighteenth street. He graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1883, from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1886. He was clinical assistant in the New York Polyclinic for three years; is visiting physician for St. Mark's Parish Association. He has been in practice in this city since graduation. in this city since graduation.

DR. HENRY S. CLARK. DB. HENRY S. CLARE.

Number four on the new list is Henry S. Clark. M. D., 510 East Eighty-fourth street. He graduated at Williams College in 1878 and at Jefferson Medical College in 1888. He is indorsed by Bellevue Hospital Medical College. He is an instructor in the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital; was in private practice in Battle Creek, Mich., two years; in Northern Pacific Junction, Minn., for a year, and has been in practice in this city nearly three years.

DR. BERNARD E. VAUGHAN Dr. Bernard E. Vaughan, 340 West Fifty-sixth street, is next in order. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1887; served eighteen months on the house staff of St. Luke's Hospital; is substitute attending physician to the New York Dis-

attending physician to the New York Dis-pensary.

The Evening World Corps has another female physician in Julia H. Lombard, M. D., 38. St. Mark's place. Graduated from Woman's Medical College in 1886. Has served in the Dispensary of the Woman's In-firmary before and since graduation. Gradu-ated from the Training School for Nurses of the Boston City Hospital in 1879. Studied in Europe for eighteen months and has been in practice in this city ever since. DR. OGDEN C. LUDLOW.

DB. OGDEN C. LUDLOW.

The last of the appointments made yesterday was Ogden C. Ludlow, M. D:, 338 West Fifty-ninth street. He graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1880; from the University Medical College in 1883; served eighteen months on the honse staff of St. Luke's Hospital, eighteen months in the Nursery and Child's Hospital, a year in the New York Orthopedic Dispensary, and is now attending physician to the New York Dispensary; has been in private practice in this city over two years.

THE STORY OF KATRINE.

edicated to "The Evening World" Corps of Free Doctors for Sick Children.

BY "THE EVENING WORLD " POET. Some years ago a maiden fair. With strining curls of yellow hair. Came gladly sailing o'er the sea From home in distant Germany. For honest Hans, her lover true.

Still kept in view her eyes of blue. And had since first he sailed away To live in great America. He, having earned a little pile. Sat down with an effulgent smile And sent his dear Katrine a note

With cash to set her well affoat. She started with expectant smile. Which seemed to broaden all the while. And when at last Hans hove in view, Her full-grown smile engulfed the two.

' We moost pe pooty guick," said he, " To keep up mft America." Straight to a priest the couple sped.

Their lips met with a loud report.

Hans could not wait to longer court.

And soon the happy pair were wed. Inited thus, their blended smile Was visible at least a mile.

Three modest rooms, as neat and clean As any in the town, I ween, Soon made for them a happy home From which Hans could not bear to roam.

Responsibilities then came, As time flew by-each had a name, The first was called Katrins, and A little Hans was next on hand.

Hans was a sturdy honest man, And loved his home as Germans can. So every week without mishap, He laid his wage in Katrine's lap. As merry as a marriage bell

Were both their hearts; they could not tell That fate, or call it what you like, Too soon a deadly blow would strike. One day the cry of "Fire, "rang out,

And rush of horses strong and fleet. The engines rattled down the street. As near the home of Hans they came, A youngster all unknown to fame Ran out and stood upon the road

And like a thunderbolt, with shout

To see the horses with their load Straight down on him the engines tore. While women screamed and firemen swore. The youngster looked, and turning white, Seemed rooted to the ground with fright.

'He will be killed," the people say, And turn a blanching face away To see not as the wheels roll by The little fellow mangled lie. Then bursting through the crowd a man

Swift to the scene of danger ran, And sent with one sweep of his arm The youngster out of reach of harm "He's saved !" the people gladly roar, But Hans, alas ! will never more

Come giadly home at set of sun While to him wife and children run Beneath the hoofs and wheels he goes: A shout of horror upward rose,

And then all mangled, gasping, pale, A lifeless body tells the tale. Back to the pleasant little home The bearers with their burden come. Then rise the wails of sore distress From widow and the fatherless.

The months go by, the widow knows

No ear in which to breathe her woes:

No friend or kin in sorrow's day Has she in all America. She knows no language but her own She feels deserted, and and lone: Too proud to beg, she yet must live,

And bread unto her children give

Two little ones to clothe and feed. Who never before have known a need. She seeks for work of any kind, But very hard it is to find. Before the wolf of want she flies,

While still despairingly she tries For work; sometimes a pittance small Brings plainest food, and that is all. Out from the little home they go, And step by step they sink more low In want and misery, as they

Until at last, by sure degrees, A crowded tenement receives And hides from view the sore distress Of widow and of fatherless. There all the drifting wrack of sin

Have less for lodging room to pay.

There cries of woe and sorrow ring. And poverty alone is king. There death comes oft a welcome gnest. For he alone brings peace and rest, His hand alone the wretched frees From panys of hunger and disease.

And sh pwrecked lives come floating in.

But hark! from out a little room, Where midday hardly breaks the gloom, Above the Babel of harsh sounds A sweet and sacred song resounds. A poor old woman, pale and worn,

Toils feebly on in garments torn; With wavering voice she sings the song, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee. How strange to hear in such a place

That echo of immortal grace.

Ah, can the shadow of the rock Then fall upon this weary land? Within its shade can hearts here know Rehef from earthly want and woe? And does the Man of Sorrows see

This scene of utter misery ? Falls here his cooling, healing breath On fevered hearts sick unto death? Does in the song this woman know A sweet communion with him, though Hunger and pain, disease and death, Are waiting on her fleeting breath :

Hears the sweet song amid the gloom, While watching where her children lie Sick and it may be soon to die. And her lone heart grown hard with pain Rebels against the sweet refrain.

The widow, silent in her room,

'A Rock of Ages there may be For some, " she thinks, " but not for me." Her prayers to God for help are o'er, Her soul is wrecked upon the shore Where hope shines not with cheering ray

"There is no God," her lone heart cries, While madness glimmers in her eyes. Tis better that my children die, And I with them to death will fly. A gentle knock sounds on her door.

And promise of a brighter day.

The first in many a week before; A couple walk into the room And stand amid its barren gloom, The gentleman and lady fair Seem strangely out of keeping there. The first draws near the children's bed

And says they must be clothed and fed.

The other brings forth garments new For each to Katrine's wond'ring view. Then medicines and proper food, O'er which the hungry children cooed Then came an order free for more. And passes to the glad seashore,

Which meant new life and hope for all

And lit with joy life's heavy pall.

Then promising to call next day, With kindly words they went away; While Katrine felt in mute amage A thrill of former happy days. Then from the fountains, seared and dried,

Burst forth the saving teatful tide. Her streaming eyes are raised above. "God lives," she whispers; "he is love."
WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY, The Way It Works.

[From the Clothier and Purntaker.] Clerk-There's a broken thread in Mr.

Razzie's coat. Tailor-Let's see. He's one of my bes sustomers. Always wants a year's time Guess we'd better make him another coat. Guess we'd better make him another coat. Clerk—And here's a suit for Mr. Dazzle that's been badly pressed. Shall we have it pressed over?
Tailor-Umph! He always pays cash. No, send it along.

SUGAR COLLAPSE.

The Great American Trust Sustains a Severe Reverse Abroad.

Bursting of the Magdeburg Corner of 80,000,000 Pounds.

It Defeats a Plan to Cheat Uncle Sam Out of Over a Million Dollars.

Despatches from London to-day tell of the collapse of the big German sugar ring, which had its headquarters at Magdeburg.

As the ring was more or less intimately as-

sociated with the Sugar Trust in this coun-

try, the interesting question in financial circles at the present moment is how far the American end of the concern is involved in the failure. The Magdeburg syndicate was formed not to buy sugar, but to manufacture it. The manipulators of the corner, for such

Magdeburg, who were backed up financially by several banks in Berlin and Hamburg. The scheme was worked secretly for some time, and the manipulators bought all the sugar they could get, both in the Paris, Hamburg, Antwerp and London markets.

it really was, were three prominent firms of

Finally, when it began to be generally known what sort of a scheme was going on, the price of sugar advanced to \$7.25 per hun-

the price of sugar advanced to \$7.25 per hundredweight. Even at this price the ring manipulators kept on buying until they had obtained control of 80,000,000 pounds of sugar. This was all stored at Magdeburg, and the plan was to sell the entire amount to the Sugar Refineries! Association of this city (our Sugar Trust), which contracted to take it if it could be imported as sugar under 13 Dutch standard, which can be taken in at a very low duty. very low duty.

When everything was ready, however, it was found that the sugar tested more than the standard, and in order to bring it down within the limits required by the contract it

would be necessary to subject it all to another This involved considerable expense and the banks which had been backing the corner refused to advance the necessary capital,
It is believed that the collapse was postponed for some time after the German banks poned for some time after the German banks withdrew their support by reason of ad-vances made by the backers of the scheme in this country, for the sugar which was to be entered here at the low standard was really refined, and had the plans been carried out there would have been lots of money in it for

the American purchaser.

All that was necessary was to artificially color the sugar, and the process at the same time reduced the polariscope test one degree, which would let it into this country at a very low rate of duty, viz.: 2.08 cents per pound.

2.08 cents per pound.

In its actual condition the duty would have been 3.5 cents, and the difference on the whole would have amounted to considerably more than a million dollars.

As a result of the failure of the corner, away has dealined in the foreign weaklets. As a result of the lating of the corner, sugar has declined in the foreign markets from \$7.25 per cwt. to \$5, with a probability of its going still lower.

The sugar men in this city are very reticent about the matter, and those connected with the Trust deny that they had any interest in the scheme to swindle the Government out of \$1.136,000.

Another Tariff Smasher.

I use in my family seven pounds of sugar a week, that costs me now 70 cents. Last year I could get the same weight for 40 cents. making a difference to me in a year of about \$15.50. That is caused by the Trust, and there is but one way to break it up. Remove the duty entirely on sugar, or lower the duty on the grades above 13 degrees D. S. as low as that known as "refining." Then we should get from Demerars and Porto Rico better goods than those sold by refiners as A and C. Then they would have no market for their soft sugars or would have to sell as

low as those imported.

The Government is robbed yearly of thousands upon thousands of dollars by importers and refiners. They are robbed both on the classification and on the weight, and the duty once taken off, they could then only try to best each other and as Isro said. try to beat each other, and, as Iago said,
"Whether he kill Cassio, or Cassio kill him,
or each do kill the other"—well, it would not
hurt the public.
FREE TRADER.

"Take Off the Sugar Tariff." To the Editor of The Evening World The article on the Sugar Trust in THE EVENING WORLL stirs up our indignation against the syndicate that has within its power to manipulate at will the price of a prime necessity, used alike by all and falling heaviest on the poor, who need it as much as the rich but having less to pay for it with. Yet, as a matter of fact, we grant the prepagative to do this, and then because it is taken advantage of by a few smart men we immediately decry them. That isn't fair, If it is necessary, and it is to secure chear. immediately decry them. That isn't fair, If it is necessary—and it is—to secure cheap sugar, abolish the tariff on it and the sugar, abolish the tariff on it and the monopoly existing won't last long. The lowest available price will then be enjoyed by all, and though our refineries may suffer for a time it will be more than compensated for by the increased stimulus that other industries will receive—and they are many—where sugar is a prominent factor in production.

duction.

Money is none too plentiful among the masses and cheap prices on articles of living have become a stern necessity. Let The EVENING WORLD cudgel for the right and start a demand for cheap sugar. It can never be too cheap. Our Untitled Aristocracy.

The conspirators of this Sugar Trust are

To the Editor of The Exennig World :

violating the law in putting up the price of an article of such great necessity as sugar. Why are they not caught and sent to prison, or have you in free America one law for the rich and another for the poor? It is only by rich and another for the poor? It is only by the free speech of the press that any justice can be got. So keep on until the business of cornering the necessities of daily life is stopped. That such work is allowed is a scandalous shame. There are men without conscience or principle of the stamp of old Hutch, who made the corner in wheat, and so cleared a million. Then these millionalres are held up as examples of how money can be made in free America by men who began life as poor boys. How many are there who have made their millions by just such rascally have made their millions by just such rascally work, and are doing it to-day by these Trusts, which are a curse to the nation, creating an untitled aristocracy. Their desire is to marry their daughters into the aristocracy of Europe, and their only way of doing so is by making money here—no matter how, cheating the poor by charging double what they ought—and to go to Europe when they have invested their pile at exorbitant rates here and live cheap there, where sugar is two and three cents a pound.

Passaic. New Jersey.

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health.

ood's Barsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly ouquering scrofula, salt rheum, and all other insidiou snemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsis and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feel ing. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by C.I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.